TRIVIA:

OR, THE *ART* of *WALKING* THE STREETS of LONDON.

By Mr. *GAY*.

Quo te Mœri pedes? An, quo via ducit, in Urbem?
Virg.

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TRIVIA:

OR, THE

ART of WALKING

THE

STREETS of LONDON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE world, I believe, will take so little notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The criticks may see by this poem, that I walk on foot, which probably may save me from their envy. I should be sorry to raise that passion in men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allowed me an honour hitherto only shown to better writers: That of denying me to be the author of my own works.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this poem, good enough to displease you, and if it be any advantage to you to ascribe it to some person of

greater merit; I ſhall acquaint you for your comfort, that among many other obligations, I owe ſeveral hints of it to Dr. Swift. And if you will ſo far continue your favour as to write againſt it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto.

---Non tu, in *Triviis*, indocte, ſolebas
Stridenti, miſerum, ſtipulâ, diſperdere carmen?

TRIVIA.

BOOK I.

Of the Implements for walking the Streets, and Signs of the Weather.

THROUGH winter ſtreets to ſteer your courſe aright,
How to walk clean by day, and ſafe by night,
How joſtling crouds, with prudence, to decline,
When to aſſert the wall, and when reſign,
I ſing: Thou, Trivia, Goddeſs, aid my ſong,
Thro' ſpacious ſtreets conduct thy bard along;
By thee tranſported, I ſecurely ſtray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The ſilent court, and op'ning ſquare explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.

To pave thy realm, and ſmooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
For thee, the ſturdy paver thumps the ground,
Whilſt ev'ry ſtroke his lab'ring lungs reſound;
For thee the ſcavinger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt ſubſide.
My youthful boſom burns with thirſt of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown;
But more, my country's love demands the lays,
My country's be the profit, mine the praiſe.

When the black youth at choſen ſtands rejoice,
And *clean your Shoes* reſounds from ev'ry voice;
When late their miry ſides ſtage-coaches ſhow,
And their ſtiff horſes thro' the town move ſlow;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damſels firſt renew their oyſter cries:
Of Shoes. Then let the prudent walker ſhoes provide,
Not of the Spaniſh or Morocco hide;
The wooden heel may raiſe the dancer's bound,
And with the 'ſcallop'd top his ſtep be crown'd:

Let

Let firm, well-hammer'd ſoles protect thy feet
Thro' freezing ſnows, and rains, and ſoaking ſleet.
Should the big laſte extend the ſhoe too wide,
Each ſtone will wrench th' unwary ſtep aſide:
The ſudden turn may ſtretch the ſwelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle ſprain;
And when too ſhort the modiſh ſhoes are worn,
You'll judge the ſeaſons by your ſhooting corn.

Nor ſhould it prove thy leſs important care, *Of Coats.*
To chuſe a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'oily habit fold,
The ſilken drugget ill can fence the cold;
The frieze's ſpongy nap is ſoak'd with rain,
And ſhow'rs ſoon drench the camlet's cockled grain.
True Witney broad-cloath with it's ſhag unſhorn,
Unpierc'd is in the laſting tempeſt worn:
Be this the horſe-man's fence; for who would wear
Amid the town, the ſpoil's of Ruſſia's bear?
Within the Roquelaure's claſp thy hands are pent,
Hands, that ſtretch'd forth invading harms prevent.
Let the loop'd Bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloak be ſpatter'd o'er with lace.
That garment beſt the winter's rage defends,
Whoſe ſhapeleſs form in ample plaits depends;

By * various names in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true Surtout alone:
Be thine of Kerſey firm, though ſmall the coſt,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the froſt.

* A Joſeph, a Wrap-Raſcal, &c.

Of Canes.

If the ſtrong cane ſupport thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer ſhall the wall command;
Ev'n ſturdy carr-men ſhall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches ſtop to make thee way:
This ſhall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaus their canes with amber tipt produce,
Be theirs for empty ſhow, but thine for uſe.
In gilded chariots while they loll at eaſe,
And lazily inſure a life's diſeaſe;
While ſofter chairs the tawdry load convey
To court, to White's, aſſemblies, or the play;
Roſie-complexion'd health thy ſteps attends,
And exerciſe thy laſting youth defends.
Imprudent men heav'ns choiceſt gifts prophane.
Thus ſome beneath their arm ſupport the cane;
The dirty point oft checks the careleſs pace,
And miry ſpots thy clean cravat diſgrace:

O! may

O! may I never ſuch misfortune meet,
May no ſuch vicious walkers croud the ſtreet,
May providence o'er-ſhade me with her wings,
While the bold muſe experienc'd dangers ſings.

Not that I wander from my native home,
And tempting perils foreign cities roam.
Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's muſe,
Where ſlav'ry treads the ſtreet in wooden ſhoes;
Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,
And teach the clumſy boor to skate in rhyme,
Where, if the warmer clouds in rain deſcend,
No miry ways induſtrious ſteps offend,
The ruſhing flood from ſloping pavements pours,
And blackens the canals with dirty ſhow'rs.
Let others Naples ſmoother ſtreets rehearſe,
And with proud Roman ſtructures grace their verſe,
Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,
And blood in purple torrents dies the ſtones;
Nor ſhall the muſe thro' narrow Venice ſtray,
Where Gondola's their painted oars diſplay.
O happy ſtreets, to rumbling wheels unknown,
No carts, no coaches ſhake the floating town!

Thus was of old Britannia's city bleſs'd,
E'er pride and luxury her ſons poſſeſs'd;
Coaches and chariots yet unfaſhion'd lay,
Nor late invented chairs perplex'd the way:
Then the proud lady trip'd along the town,
And tuck'd up petticoats ſecur'd her gown,
Her roſie cheek with diſtant viſits glow'd,
And exercíſe unartful charms beſtow'd;
But ſince in braided gold her foot is bound,
And a long tailing manteau ſweeps the ground,
Her ſhoe diſdains the ſtreet; the lazy fair,
With narrow ſtep affects a limping air.
Now gaudy pride corrupts the laviſh age,
And the ſtreets flame with glaring equipage;
The tricking gameſter inſolently rides,
With Loves and Graces on his chariot's ſides;
In ſawcy ſtate the griping broker ſits,
And laughs at honeſty, and trudging wits:
For you, O honeſt men, theſe uſeful lays
The muſe prepares; I ſeek no other praiſe.

Of the Weather.

When ſleep is firſt diſturb'd by morning cries;
From ſure prognoſticks learn to know the skies,
Leſt you of rheums and coughs at night complain;
Surpriz'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain.

When

When ſuffocating miſts obſcure the morn,
Let thy worſt wig, long us'd to ſtorms, be worn;
This knows the powder'd footman, and with care,
Beneath his flapping hat, ſecures his hair.
Be thou, for ev'ry ſeaſon, juſtly dreſt,
Nor brave the piercing froſt with open breaſt;
And when the burſting clouds a deluge pour,
Let thy Surtout defend the drenching ſhow'r.

Signs of cold Weather.

The changing weather certain ſigns reveal.
E'er winter ſheds her ſnow, or froſts congeal,
You'll ſee the coals in brighter flame aſpire,
And ſulphur tinge with blue the riſing fire:
Your tender ſhins the ſcorching heat decline,
And at the dearth of coals the poor repine;
Before her kitchin hearth, the nodding dame
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame;
Hov'ring, upon her feeble knees ſhe bends,
And all around the grateful warmth aſcends.

Signs of fair Weather.

Nor do leſs certain ſigns the town adviſe,
Of milder weather, and ſerener skies.
The ladies gayly dreſs'd, the Mall adorn
With various dyes, and paint the ſunny morn;

The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,
And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change:
Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught,
Endu'd by instinct, or by reason taught,
The seasons operate on every breast;
'Tis hence that fawns are brisk, and ladies dress.
When on his box the nodding coachman snores,
And dreams of fancy'd fares; when tavern doors
The chairmen idly croud; then ne'er refuse
To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.

Signs of rainy Weather.

But when the swinging signs your ears offend
With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend;
Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames.
The bookseller, whose shop's an open square,
Foresees the tempest, and with early care
Of learning strips the rails; the rowing crew
To tempt a fare, cloath all their tilts in blue:
On hosier's poles depending stockings ty'd,
Flag with the slacken'd gale, from side to side;
Church-monuments foretell the changing air;
Then Niobe dissolves into a tear,

And

And ſweats with ſecret grief; you'll hear the ſounds
Of whiſtling winds, e'er kennels break their bounds;
Ungrateful odours common-ſhores diffuſe,
And dropping vaults diſtil unwholeſom dews,
E'er the tiles rattle with the ſmoaking ſhow'r,
And ſpouts on heedleſs men their torrents pour.

All ſuperſtition from thy breaſt repel. *Superſtition to be avoided.*
Let cred'lous boys, and prattling nurſes tell,
How, if the feſtival of Paul be clear,
Plenty from lib'ral horn ſhall ſtrow the year;
When the dark skies diſſolve in ſnows or rain,
The lab'ring hind ſhall yoke the ſteer in vain;
But if the threatening winds in tempeſts roar,
Then war ſhall bathe her waſteful ſword in gore.
How, if on Swithin's feaſt the welkin lours,
And ev'ry penthouſe ſtreams with haſty ſhow'rs,
Twice twenty days ſhall clouds their fleeces drain,
And waſh the pavements with inceſſant rain.
Let not ſuch vulgar tales debaſe thy mind;
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.

If you the precepts of the muſe deſpiſe,
And ſlight the faithful warnings of the skies,

Others

Others you'll ſee, when all the town's afloat,
Wrapt in th' embraces of a kerſey coat,
Or double-button'd freeze; their guarded feet
Defie the muddy dangers of the ſtreet,
While you, with hat unloop'd, the fury dread
Of ſpouts high-ſtreaming, and with cautious tread
Shun ev'ry daſhing pool; or idly ſtop,
To ſeek the kind protection of a ſhop.
But bus'neſs ſummons; now with haſty ſcud
You joſtle for the wall; the ſpatter'd mud
Hides all thy hoſe behind; in vain you ſcow'r,
Thy wig alas! uncurl'd, admits the ſhow'r.
So fierce Alecto's ſnaky treſſes fell,
When Orpheus charm'd the rig'rous pow'rs of hell,
Or thus hung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew
Clotted and ſtraight, when firſt his am'rous view
Surpris'd the bathing fair; the frighted maid
Now ſtands a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.

Implements proper for female Walkers.

Good houſwives all the winter's rage deſpiſe,
Defended by the riding-hoods diſguiſe:
Or underneath th' umbrella's oily ſhed,
Safe thro' the wet on clinking pattens tread.

Let

Let Perſian dames th' umbrella's ribs diſplay,
To guard their beauties from the ſunny ray;
Or ſweating ſlaves ſupport the ſhady load,
When eaſtern monarchs ſhew their ſtate abroad;
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly ſhow'rs the walking maid.
But, O! forget not, Muſe, the patten's praiſe,
That female implement ſhall grace thy lays;
Say from what art divine th' invention came,
And from its origine deduce the name.

An Epiſode of the Invention of Pattens.

Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny ſoil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd grown white with toil;
One onely daughter bleſt his nuptial bed,
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
Martha (her careful mother's name) ſhe bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilſt on her father's knee the damſel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the ſmiling maid;
As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the bluſhing morning warms the skies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,

Her

Her cleanly pail the pretty huſwife bears,
And ſinging to the diſtant field repairs:
And when the plains with ev'ning dews are ſpread,
The milky burthen ſmoaks upon her head.
Deep, thro' a miry lane ſhe pick'd her way,
Above her ankle roſe the chalky clay.

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden ſpies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes,
He ſaw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.
Ah Mulciber! recal thy nuptial vows,
Think on the graces of thy Paphian ſpouſe,
Think how her eyes dart inexhauſted charms,
And canſt thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?

The Lemnian pow'r forſakes the realms above,
His boſom glowing with terreſtrial love:
Far in the lane, a lonely hut he found,
No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholeſome ground.
Here ſmoaks his forge, he bares his ſinewy arm,
And early ſtrokes the ſounding anvil warm;
Around his ſhop the ſteely ſparkles flew,
As for the ſteed he ſhap'd the bending ſhoe.

When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,
His anvil reſts, his forge forgets to flame;
To hear his ſoothing tales, ſhe feigns delays;
What woman can reſiſt the force of praiſe?

At firſt ſhe coyly ev'ry kiſs withſtood,
And all her cheek was fluſh'd with modeſt blood:
With headleſs nails he now ſurrounds her ſhoes,
To ſave her ſteps from rains and piercing dews;
She lik'd his ſoothing tales, his preſents wore,
And granted kiſſes, but would grant no more.
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold ſhe pines,
And on her cheek the fading roſe declines;
No more her humid eyes their luſtre boaſt,
And in hoarſe ſounds her melting voice is loſt.

This Vulcan ſaw, and in his heav'nly thought,
A new machine mechanick fancy wrought,
Above the mire her ſhelter'd ſteps to raiſe,
And bear her ſafely through the wintry ways.
Strait the new engine on his anvil glows,
And the pale virgin on the patten roſe.
No more her lungs are ſhook with dropping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.

The

The God obtain'd his ſuit, though flatt'ry fail,
Preſents with female virtue muſt prevail.
The patten now ſupports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.

TRIVIA.

BOOK II.

Of Walking the Streets by Day.

THus far the Muſe has trac'd in uſeful lays,
The proper implements for wintry ways;
Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
To read the various warnings of the skies.
Now venture, Muſe, from home to range the town,
And for the publick ſafety riſque thy own.

For eaſe and for diſpatch, the morning's beſt; *The Morning.*
No tides of paſſengers the ſtreet moleſt.
You'll ſee a draggled damſel, here and there,
From Billingſgate her fiſhy traffick bear;
On doors the ſallow milk-maid chalks her gains;
Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!

Before proud gates attending aſſes bray,
Or arrogate with ſolemn pace the way;
Theſe grave phyſicians with their milky chear,
The love-ſick maid, and dwindling beau repair;
Here rows of drummers ſtand in martial file,
And with their vellom thunder ſhake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are ſounds like theſe,
The proper prelude to a ſtate of peace?
Now induſtry awakes her buſy ſons,
Full charg'd with news the breathleſs hawker runs:
Shops open, coaches roll, carts ſhake the ground,
And all the ſtreets with paſſing cries reſound.

What Trades prejudicial to Walkers.

If cloath'd in black, you tread the buſy town,
Or if diſtinguiſh'd by the rev'rend gown,
Three trades avoid; oft' in the mingling preſs,
The barber's apron ſoils the ſable dreſs;
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
Nor let the baker's ſtep advance too nigh:
Ye walkers too that youthful colours wear,
Three ſullying trades avoid with equal care;
The little chimney-ſweeper ſkulks along,
And marks with ſooty ſtains the heedleſs throng;

When

When ſmall-coal murmers in the hoarſer throat,
From ſmutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat:
The duſt-man's cart offends thy cloaths and eyes;
When through the ſtreet a cloud of aſhes flies;
But whether black, or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's basket, on his ſhoulder born,
With tallow ſpots thy coat; reſign the way;
To ſhun the ſurly butcher's greaſy tray,
Butchers, whoſe hands are dy'd with blood's foul ſtain,
And always foremoſt in the hangman's train.

To whom to give the Wall.

Let due civilities be ſtrictly paid.
The wall ſurrender to the hooded maid;
Nor let thy ſturdy elbow's haſty rage
Joſtle the feeble ſteps of trembling age:
And when the porter bends beneath his load,
And pants for breath; clear thou the crouded road.
But above all, the groping blind direct;
And from the preſſing throng the lame protect.
You'll ſometimes meet a fop, of niceſt tread,
Whoſe mantling peruke veils his empty head,
At ev'ry ſtep he dreads the wall to loſe,
And riſques, to ſave a coach, his red-heel'd ſhoes,

Him, like the miller, paſs with caution by,
Leſt from his ſhoulder clouds of powder fly.
To whom to refuſe the Wall.
But when the bully, with aſſuming pace,
Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarniſh'd lace,
Yield not the way; defie his ſtrutting pride,
And thruſt him to the muddy kennel's ſide;
He never turns again, nor dares oppoſe,
But mutters coward curſes as he goes.

Of whom to enquire the Way.
If drawn by buſ'neſs to a ſtreet unknown,
Let the ſworn porter point thee through the town;
Be ſure obſerve the ſigns, for ſigns remain,
Like faithful land-marks to the walking train.
Seek not from prentices to learn the way,
Thoſe fabling boys will turn thy ſteps aſtray;
Ask the grave tradeſman to direct thee right,
He ne'er deceives, but when he profits by't.

Where fam'd St. Giles's ancient limits ſpread,
An inrail'd column rears its lofty head,
Here to ſev'n ſtreets, ſev'n dials count the day,
And from each other catch the circling ray.
Here oft the peaſant, with enquiring face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;

He dwells on ev'ry ſign, with ſtupid gaze,
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze;
Tries ev'ry winding court and ſtreet in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary ſteps again.
Thus hardy Theſeus, with intrepid feet,
Travers'd the dang'rous labyrinth of Crete;
But ſtill the wandring paſſes forc'd his ſtay,
Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way.
But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
Thy ventrous footſteps to a female guide;
She'll lead thee, with deluſive ſmiles along,
Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng.

Uſeful Precepts.

When waggiſh boys the ſtunted beeſom ply,
To rid the ſlabby pavement; paſs not by
E'er thou haſt held their hands; ſome heedleſs flirt
Will over-ſpread thy calves with ſpatt'ring dirt.
Where porters hogſheads roll from carts aſlope,
Or brewers down ſteep cellars ſtretch the rope;
Where counted billets are by carmen toſt;
Stay thy raſh ſtep, and walk without the poſt.

Where elevated o'er the gaping croud,
Claſp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd;

Betimes retreat; here, thick as hail-ſtones pour,
Turnips, and half-hatch'd eggs, (a mingled ſhow'r)
Among the rabble rain: Some random throw
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.

Of narrow Streets.

Though expedition bids, yet never ſtray
Where no rang'd poſts defend the rugged way.
Here laden carts with thundring waggons meet,
Wheels claſh with wheels, and bar the narrow ſtreet;
The laſhing whip reſounds, the horſes ſtrain,
And blood in anguiſh burſts the ſwelling vein.
O barb'rous men, your cruel breaſts aſſwage,
Why vent ye on the gen'rous ſteed your rage?
Does not his ſervice earn your daily bread?
Your wives, your children, by his labours fed!
If, as the Samian taught, the ſoul revives,
And ſhifting ſeats, in other bodies lives;
Severe ſhall be the brutal coachman's change,
Doom'd, in a hackney horſe the town to range:
Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load ſhall draw,
Whom other tyrants, with the laſh, ſhall awe.

The moſt inconvenient Streets to Walkers.

Who would of Watling-ſtreet the dangers ſhare
When the broad pavement of Cheap-ſide is near?

Or

Or who * that rugged ſtreet would traverſe o'er,
That ſtretches, O Fleet-ditch, from thy black ſhore
To the Tow'r's moated walls? Here ſteams aſcend
That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled noſe offend.
Where chandlers cauldrons boil; where fiſhy prey
Hide the wet ſtall, long abſent from the ſea;
And where the cleaver chops the heifer's ſpoil,
And where huge hogſheads ſweat with trainy oil,
Thy breathing noſtril hold; but how ſhall I
Paſs, where in piles † Cornavian cheeſes lye;
Cheeſe, that the table's cloſing rites denies,
And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain riſe.

* *Thames-ſtreet.*

† *Cheſhire anciently ſo called.*

O bear me to the paths of fair Pell-mell,
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy ſmell!
At diſtance, rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor ſturdy carmen on thy walks encroach;
No lets would bar thy ways, were chairs deny'd,
The ſoft ſupports of lazineſs and pride;
Shops breathe perfumes, thro' ſaſhes ribbons glow,
The mutual arms of ladies, and the beau.
Yet ſtill ev'n here, when rains the paſſage hide,
Oft' the looſe ſtone ſpirts up a muddy tide

The Pell-mell celebrated.

Beneath thy careleſs foot; and from on high,
Where maſons mount the ladder, fragments fly;
Mortar, and crumbled lime in ſhow'rs deſcend,
And o'er thy head deſtructive tiles impend.

The Pleaſure of walking through an Alley.

But ſometimes let me leave the noiſie roads,
And ſilent wander in the cloſe abodes
Where wheels ne'er ſhake the ground; there penſive ſtray,
In ſtudious thought, the long uncrouded way.
Here I remark each walker's diff'rent face,
And in their look their various buſ'neſs trace.
The broker here his ſpacious beaver wears,
Upon his brow ſit jealouſies and cares;
Bent on ſome mortgage, to avoid reproach,
He ſeeks bye ſtreets, and ſaves th' expenſive coach.
Soft, at low doors, old letchers tap their cane,
For fair recluſe, that travels Drury-lane,
Here roams uncomb'd, the laviſh rake, to ſhun
His Fleet-ſtreet draper's everlaſting dun.

Inconveniences that attend thoſe who are unacquainted with the Town.

Careful obſervers, ſtudious of the town,
Shun the misfortunes that diſgrace the clown;
Untempted, they contemn the jugler's feats,
Paſs by the Meuſe, nor try the * thimble's cheats.

* *A Cheat, commonly practis'd in the Streets, with three Thimbles and a little Ball.*

When

When drays bound high, they never croſs behind,
Where bubbling yeſt is blown by guſts of wind:
And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move ſlow,
Far from the ſtraining ſteeds, ſecurely go,
Whoſe daſhing hoofs, behind them, fling the mire,
And mark, with muddy blots, the gazing 'ſquire.
The Parthian thus his jav'lin backward throws,
And as he flies, infeſts purſuing foes.

The thoughtleſs wits ſhall frequent forfeits pay,
Who 'gainſt the centry's box diſcharge their tea.
Do thou ſome court, or ſecret corner ſeek,
Nor flush with ſhame the paſſing virgin's cheek.

Yet let me not deſcend to trivial ſong, *Precepts vulgarly known.*
Nor vulgar circumſtance my verſe prolong;
Why ſhould I teach the maid when torrents pour,
Her head to ſhelter from the ſudden ſhow'r?
Nature will beſt her ready hand inform,
With her ſpread petticoat to fence the ſtorm.
Does not each walker know the warning ſign,
When wiſps of ſtraw depend upon the twine
Croſs the cloſe ſtreet; that then the paver's art
Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart?

Who knows not, that the coachman laſhing by,
Oft', with his flouriſh, cuts the heedleſs eye;
And when he takes his ſtand, to wait a fare,
His horſes foreheads ſhun the winter's air?
Nor will I roam, when ſummer's ſultry rays
Parch the dry ground, and ſpread with duſt the ways;
With whirling guſts, the rapid atoms riſe,
Smoak o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.

Winter my theme confines; whoſe nitry wind
Shall cruſt the ſlabby mire, and kennels bind;
She bids the ſnow deſcend in flaky ſheets,
And in her hoary mantle cloath the ſtreets.
Let not the virgin tread theſe ſlipp'ry roads,
The gath'ring fleece the hollow patten loads;
But if thy footſteps ſlide with clotted froſt,
Strike off the breaking balls againſt the poſt.
On ſilent wheel the paſſing coaches roll;
Oft' look behind and ward the threatning pole.
In harden'd orbs the ſchool-boy moulds the ſnow,
To mark the coachman with a dextrous throw.
Why do ye, boys, the kennel's ſurface ſpread,
To tempt with faithleſs paſs the matron's tread?

How

How can ye laugh, to ſee the damſel ſpurn,
Sink in your frauds and her green ſtocking mourn?
At White's, the harneſs'd chairman idly ſtands,
And ſwings, around his waſte, his tingling hands:
The ſempſtreſs ſpeeds to 'Change with red-tipt noſe;
The Belgian ſtove beneath her footſtool glows,
In half-whipt muſlin needles uſeleſs lie,
And ſhuttle-cocks a-croſs the counter fly.
Theſe ſports warm harmleſs; why then will ye prove,
Deluded maids, the dang'rous flame of love?

The Dangers of Foot-ball.

Where Covent-garden's famous temple ſtands,
That boaſts the work of Jones' immortal hands;
Columns, with plain magnificence, appear,
And graceful porches lead along the ſquare:
Here oft' my courſe I bend, when lo! from far,
I ſpy the furies of the foot-ball war:
The 'prentice quits his ſhop, to join the crew,
Encreaſing crouds the flying game purſue.
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er ſnowy ground,
The gath'ring globe augments with ev'ry round.
But whither ſhall I run? the throng draws nigh,
The ball now skims the ſtreet, now ſoars on high;

The

The dextr'ous glazier ſtrong returns the bound,
And gingling ſaſhes on the pent-houſe ſound.

An Epiſode of the great Froſt.

O roving Muſe, recal that wond'rous year,
When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air;
When hoary Thames, with froſted oziers crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
The waterman, forlorn along the ſhore,
Penſive reclines upon his uſeleſs oar,
Sees harneſs'd ſteeds deſert the ſtony town;
And wander roads unſtable, not their own:
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters ſmoothly glide,
And faſe with whiten'd tracks the ſlipp'ry tide.
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And ſcarce the ſpit can turn the ſteer entire.
Booths ſudden hide the Thames, long ſtreets appear,
And num'rous games proclaim the crouded fair.
So when a gen'ral bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the ſpacious plain;
Thick-riſing tents a canvas city build,
And the loud dice reſound thro' all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate:
In elegiac lay the woe relate,

Soft

Soft, as the breath of diſtant flutes, at hours,
When ſilent ev'ning cloſes up the flow'rs;
Lulling, as falling water's hollow noiſe;
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice.

Doll ev'ry day had walk'd theſe treach'rous roads;
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit; ſhe now a basket bore,
That head, alas! ſhall basket bear no more.
Each booth ſhe frequent paſt, in queſt of gain,
And boys with pleaſure heard her ſhrilling ſtrain.
Ah Doll! all mortals muſt reſign their breath,
And induſtry it ſelf ſubmit to death!
The cracking cryſtal yields, ſhe ſinks, ſhe dyes,
Her head, chopt off, from her loſt ſhoulders flies:
Pippins ſhe cry'd, but death her voice confounds,
And pip-pip-pip along the ice reſounds.
So when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
His ſever'd head floats down the ſilver tide,
His yet warm tongue for his loſt conſort cry'd;
Eurydice, with quiv'ring voice, he mourn'd,
And Heber's banks Eurydice return'd.

A Thaw.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
And black'ning clouds move on with warmer winds,
The wooden town its frail foundation leaves,
And Thames' full urn rolls down his plenteous waves;
From ev'ry penthouse streams the fleeting snow,
And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

How to know the Days of the Week.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways,
Need not the calendar to count their days.
When through the town with slow and solemn air,
Led by the nostril, walks the muzled bear;
Behind him moves majestically dull,
The pride of Hockley-hole, the surly bull;
Learn hence the periods of the week to name,
Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game.

When fishy stalls with double store are laid;
The golden-belly'd carp, the broad-finn'd maid,
Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver joul,
The joynted lobster, and unscaly soale,
And luscious 'scallops, to allure the tastes
Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts;

Wednesdays

Wednesdays and Fridays you'll obſerve from hence,
Days, when our ſires were doom'd to abſtinence.

When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dext'rous damſels twirle the ſprinkling mop,
And cleanſe the ſpatter'd ſaſh, and ſcrub the ſtairs;
Know Saturday's concluſive morn appears.

Succeſſive crys the ſeaſon's change declare, *Remarks on the Crys of the Town.*
And mark the monthly progreſs of the year.
Hark, how the ſtreets with treble voices ring,
To ſell the bounteous product of the ſpring!
Sweet-ſmelling flow'rs, and elders early bud,
With nettle's tender ſhoots, to cleanſe the blood:
And when June's thunder cools the ſultry skies,
Ev'n Sundays are prophan'd by mackrell cries.

Wallnuts the fruit'rer's hand, in autumn, ſtain,
Blue plumbs, and juicy pears augment his gain;
Next oranges the longing boys entice,
To truſt their copper fortunes to the dice.

When roſemary, and bays the poet's crown,
Are bawl'd, in frequent cries, through all the town,

Then

Of Chriſtmas. Then judge the feſtival of Chriſtmas near,
Chriſtmas, the joyous period of the year.
Now with bright holly all your temples ſtrow,
With laurel green, and ſacred miſletoe.
Now, heav'n-born charity, thy bleſſings ſhed,
Bid meagre want uprear her ſickly head:
Bid ſhiv'ring limbs be warm; let plenty's bowle,
In humble roofs, make glad the needy ſoul.
See, ſee, the heav'n-born maid her bleſſings ſhed.
Lo! meagre want uprears her ſickly head;
Cloath'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
While ſelfiſh avarice alone is ſad.

Precepts of Charity. Proud coaches paſs, regardleſs of the moan,
Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan;
While charity ſtill moves the walker's mind,
His lib'ral purſe relieves the lame and blind.
Judiciouſly thy half-pence are beſtow'd,
Where the laborious beggar ſweeps the road.
Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
Nor let old-age long ſtretch his pally'd hand.
Thoſe who give late, are importun'd each day,
And ſtill are teaz'd, becauſe they ſtill delay.
If e'er the miſer durſt his farthings ſpare,
He thinly ſpreads them through the publick ſquare,

Where

Where, all beſide the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
And from each other catch the doleful cry;
With heav'n, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his ſcore,
Lifts up his eyes, and haſts to beggar more.

Where the braſs knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand;
Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death
Waits, with impatience, for the dying breath;
As vultures, o'er a camp, with hov'ring flight,
Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.
Here canſt thou paſs, unmindful of a pray'r,
That heav'n in mercy may thy brother ſpare?

Come, F*** ſincere, experienc'd friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees ſuſpend;
Come, let us leave the Temple's ſilent walls,
Me bus'neſs to my diſtant lodging calls:
Through the long Strand, together let us ſtray,
With thee converſing, I forget the way.
Behold that narrow ſtreet, which ſteep deſcends,
Whoſe building to the ſlimy ſhore extends;
Here Arundel's fam'd ſtructure rear'd its frame,
The ſtreet alone retains an empty name:

Where

Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
And Raphael's fair deſign, with judgment, charm'd,
Now hangs the bell-man's ſong, and paſted here,
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.
Where ſtatues breath'd, the work of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump, or lonely watch-houſe ſtands.
There Eſſex ſtately pile adorn'd the ſhore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villier's, now no more.
Yet Burlington's fair palace ſtill remains;
Beauty within, without proportion reigns.
Beneath his eye declining art revives,
The wall with animated picture lives;
There Hendel ſtrikes the ſtrings, the melting ſtrain
Tranſports the ſoul, and thrills through ev'ry vein;
There oft' I enter, (but with cleaner ſhoes)
For Burlington's belov'd by ev'ry Muſe.

The Happineſs of Walkers.

O ye aſſociate walkers, O my friends,
Upon your ſtate what happineſs attends!
What, though no coach to frequent viſit rolls,
Nor for your ſhilling chairmen ſling their poles;
Yet ſtill your nerves rheumatic pains defye,
Nor lazy jaundice dulls your ſaffron eye;

No

No waſting cough diſcharges ſounds of death,
Nor wheezing aſthma heaves in vain for breath;
Nor from your reſtleſs couch is heard the groan
Of burning gout, or ſedentary ſtone.
Let others in the jolting coach confide,
Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;
Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the ſtreet,
And truſt their ſafety to another's feet,
Still let me walk; for oft the ſudden gale
Ruffles the tide, and ſhifts the dang'rous ſail.
Then ſhall the paſſenger, too late, deplore
The whelming billow, and the faithleſs oar;
The drunken chairman in the kennel ſpurns,
The glaſſes ſhatters, and his charge o'erturns.
Who can recount the coach's various harms;
The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?

I've ſeen a beau, in ſome ill-fated hour,
When o'er the ſtone's choak'd kennels ſwell the ſhow'r,
In gilded chariot loll; he with diſdain,
Views ſpatter'd paſſengers, all drench'd in rain;
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near,
Now rule thy prancing ſteeds, lac'd charioteer!

The duſt-man laſhes on with ſpiteful rage,
His pond'rous ſpokes thy painted wheel engage,
Cruſh'd is thy pride, down falls the ſhrieking beau,
The ſlabby pavement cryſtal fragments ſtrow,
Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat diſgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face.
So when dread Jove the ſon of Phœbus hurl'd,
Scarr'd with dark thunder, to the nether world;
The headſtrong courſers tore the ſilver reins,
And the ſun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pants with weak'ning ills,
His ſickly hand is ſtor'd with friendly bills:
From hence he learns the ſeventh-born doctor's fame,
From hence he learns the cheapeſt tailor's name.

Shall the large mutton ſmoak upon your boards?
Such, Newgate's copious market beſt affords.
Would'ſt thou with mighty beef augment thy meal?
Seek Leaden-hall; St. James's ſend thee veal.
Thames-ſtreet gives cheeſes; Covent-garden fruits;
Moor-fields old books; and Monmouth-ſtreet old ſuits.

Hence

Hence may'ſt thou well ſupply the wants of life,
Support thy family, and cloath thy wife.

Volumes, on ſhelter'd ſtalls expanded lye,
And various ſcience lures the learned eye;
The bending ſhelves with pond'rous ſcholiaſts groan,
And deep divines to modern ſhops unknown:
Here, like the bee, that on induſtrious wing,
Collects the various odours of the ſpring,
Walkers, at leiſure, learning's flow'rs may ſpoil,
Nor watch the waſting of the midnight oil,
May morals ſnatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
A mildew'd bacon, or Stagyra's ſage.
Here ſaunt'ring prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve ſmile, or over D** ſleep;
Pleas'd ſemptreſſes the Lock's fam'd Rape unfold,
And † ſquirts read Garth, 'till apozems grow cold.

O Lintott, let my labours obvious lie,
Rang'd on thy ſtall, for ev'ry curious eye;
So ſhall the poor theſe precepts gratis know,
And to my verſe their future ſafeties owe.

† *The Name of an Apothecary in the Poem of the* Diſpenſary.

What walker ſhall his mean ambition fix,
On the falſe luſtre of a coach and ſix?
Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring ſhow,
Sigh for the liv'ries of th' embroider'd beau.

See, yon' bright chariot on its harneſs ſwing,
With Flanders mares, and on an arched ſpring;
That wretch to gain an equipage and place,
Betray'd his ſiſter to a lewd embrace.
This coach, that with the blazon'd 'ſcutcheon glows,
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb ſhows.
Here the brib'd lawyer, ſunk in velvet, ſleeps;
The ſtarving orphan, as he paſſes, weeps;
There flames a fool, begirt with tinſell'd ſlaves,
Who waſtes the wealth of a whole race of knaves.
That other, with a cluſtring train behind,
Owes his new honours to a ſordid mind.
This next in court fidelity excells,
The publick rifles, and his countrey ſells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at ſo mean, ſo dear a rate;
O rather give me ſweet content on foot,

Wrapt in my virtue, and a good ſurtout!

TRIVIA.

BOOK III.

Of Walking the Streets by Night.

O TRIVIA, Goddeſs, leave theſe low abodes,
And traverſe o'er the wide ethereal roads,
Celeſtial Queen, put on thy robes of light,
Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night.
At ſight of thee, the villain ſheaths his ſword,
Nor ſcales the wall, to ſteal the wealthy hoard.
Oh! may thy ſilver lamp in heav'n's high bow'r
Direct my footſteps in the midnight hour.

When night firſt bids the twinkling ſtars appear, *The evening.*
Or with her cloudy veſt inwraps the air,

Then ſwarms the buſie ſtreet; with caution tread,
Where the ſhop-windows falling threat thy head;
Now lab'rers home return, and join their ſtrength
To bear the tott'ring plank, or ladder's length;
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng,
And as the paſſes open, wind along.

Of the paſs of St. Clement's.

Where the fair columns of St. Clement ſtand,
Whoſe ſtraiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low penthouſe bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a poſt protects the narrow ſpace,
And ſtrung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouze thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be reſolute, beware.
Forth iſſuing from ſteep lanes, the collier's ſteeds
Drag the black load; another cart ſucceeds,
Team follows team, crouds heap'd on crouds appear,
And wait impatient, 'till the road grow clear.
Now all the pavement ſounds with trampling feet,
And the mixt hurry barricades the ſtreet.
Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
Cracks the tough harneſs; here a pond'rous beam

Lies over-turn'd athwart; for ſlaughter fed
Here lowing bullocks raiſe their horned head.
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar,
And the ſmart blow provokes the ſturdy war;
From the high box they whirl the thong around,
And with the twining laſh their ſhins reſound:
Their rage ferments, more dang'rous wounds they try,
And the blood guſhes down their painful eye.
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
And with their pond'rous fiſts renew the fight;
Blow anſwers blow, their cheeks are 'ſmear'd with blood,
'Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
So when two boars, in wild * Ytene bred,
Or on Weſtphalia's fatt'ning cheſt-nuts fed,
Gnaſh their ſharp tuſks, and rous'd with equal fire,
Diſpute the reign of ſome luxurious mire;
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
'Till their arm'd jaws diſtil with foam and gore.

Where the mob gathers, ſwiftly ſhoot along, *Of pick-pockets.*
Nor idly mingle in the noiſy throng.

* *New Foreſt in Hampſhire, anciently ſo called.*

Lur'd by the ſilver hilt, amid the ſwarm,
The ſubtil artiſt will thy ſide diſarm.
Nor is thy flaxen wigg with ſafety worn;
High on the ſhoulder, in the basket born
Lurks the ſly boy; whoſe hand to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of the head:
Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd ſlight,
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light.
Where's now thy watch, with all its trinkets, flown?
And thy late ſnuff-box is no more thy own.
But lo! his bolder thefts ſome tradeſman ſpies,
Swift from his prey the ſcudding lurcher flies;
Dext'rous he 'ſcapes the coach, with nimble bounds,
Whilſt ev'ry honeſt tongue *ſtop thief* reſounds.
So ſpeeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;
Hounds following hounds, grow louder as he flies,
And injur'd tenants joyn the hunter's cries.
Breathleſs he ſtumbling falls: Ill-fated boy!
Why did not honeſt work thy youth employ?
Seiz'd by rough hands, he's dragg'd amid the rout,
And ſtretch'd beneath the pump's inceſſant ſpout:
Or plung'd in miry ponds, he gaſping lies,
Mud choaks his mouth, and plaiſters o'er his eyes.

Let not the ballad-ſinger's ſhrilling ſtrain *Of ballad-ſingers.*
Amid the ſwarm thy liſt'ning ear detain:
Guard well thy pocket; for theſe Syrens ſtand,
To aid the labours of the diving hand;
Confed'rate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And Cambrick handkerchiefs reward the ſong.
But ſoon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
The rabble part, in ſhoals they backward run.
So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide,
And Greece and Troy retreats on either ſide.

If the rude throng pour on with furious pace, *Of walking with a friend.*
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
Stop ſhort; nor ſtruggle thro' the croud in vain,
But watch with careful eye the paſſing train.
Yet I (perhaps too fond) if chance the tide
Tumultuous, bears my partner from my ſide,
Impatient venture back; deſpiſing harm,
I force my paſſage where the thickeſt ſwarm.
Thus his loſt bride the Trojan ſought in vain
Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of ſlain.

Thus

Thus Niſus wander'd o'er the pathleſs grove,
To find the brave companion of his love,
The pathleſs grove in vain he wanders o'er:
Euryalus alas! is now no more.

Of inadvertent walkers.

That walker, who regardleſs of his pace,
Turns oft' to pore upon the damſel's face,
From ſide to ſide by thruſting elbows toſt,
Shall ſtrike his aking breaſt againſt the poſt;
Or water, daſh'd from fiſhy ſtalls, ſhall ſtain
His hapleſs coat with ſpirts of ſcaly rain.
But if unwarily he chance to ſtray,
Where twirling turnſtiles intercept the way,
The thwarting paſſenger ſhall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathleſs to the ground.

Uſeful precepts.

Let conſtant vigilance thy footſteps guide,
And wary circumſpection guard thy ſide;
Then ſhalt thou walk unharm'd the dang'rous night,
Nor need th' officious link-boy's ſmoaky light.
Thou never wilt attempt to croſs the road,
Where alehouſe benches reſt the porter's load,
Grievous to heedleſs ſhins; no barrow's wheel,
That bruiſes oft' the truant ſchool-boy's heel,

Behind

Behind thee rolling, with inſidious pace,
Shall mark thy ſtocking with a miry trace.
Let not thy vent'rous ſteps approach too nigh,
Where gaping wide, low ſteepy cellars lie;
Should thy ſhoe wrench aſide, down, down you fall,
And overturn the ſcolding huckſter's ſtall,
The ſcolding huckſter ſhall not o'er thee moan,
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.

Safety firſt of all to be conſider'd.

Though you through cleanlier allies wind by day,
To ſhun the hurries of the publick way,
Yet ne'er to thoſe dark paths by night retire;
Mind only ſafety, and contemn the mire.
Then no impervious courts thy haſte detain,
Nor ſneering ale-wives bid thee turn again.

The danger of croſſing a ſquare by night.

Where Lincoln's-Inn, wide ſpace, is rail'd around,
Croſs not with vent'rous ſtep; there oft' is found
The lurking thief, who while the day-light ſhone,
Made the walls eccho with his begging tone:
That crutch which late compaſſion mov'd, ſhall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.

Though

Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,
Yet truſt him not along the lonely wall;
In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And ſhare the booty with the pilf'ring band.
Still keep the publick ſtreets, where oily rays
Shot from the cryſtal lamp, o'erſpread the ways.

The happineſs of London. Happy Auguſta! law-defended town!
Here no dark lanthorns ſhade the villain's frown;
No Spaniſh jealouſies thy lanes infeſt,
Nor Roman vengeance ſtabs th' unwary breaſt;
Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But liberty and juſtice guard the land;
No bravo's here profeſs the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murd'rer's refuge made.

Of chairmen. Let not the chairman, with aſſuming ſtride,
Preſs near the wall, and rudely thruſt thy ſide:
The laws have ſet him bounds; his ſervile feet
Should ne'er encroach where poſts defend the ſtreet.
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whoſe flambeau gilds the ſaſhes of Pell-mell?
When in long rank a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight viſits of the dame?

Others,

Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
May where the chairman reſts, with ſafety tread;
Whene'er I paſs, their poles unſeen below,
Make my knee tremble with the jarring blow.

If wheels bar up the road, where ſtreets are croſt, *Of croſſing the ſtreets.*
With gentle words the coachman's ear accoſt:
He ne'er the threat, or harſh command obeys,
But with contempt the ſpatter'd ſhoe ſurveys.
Now man with utmoſt fortitude thy ſoul,
To croſs the way where carts and coaches roll;
Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
Nor raſhly riſque the kennel's ſpacious ſtride;
Stay till afar the diſtant wheel you hear,
Like dying thunder in the breaking air;
Thy foot will ſlide upon the miry ſtone,
And paſſing coaches cruſh thy tortur'd bone,
Or wheels encloſe the road; on either hand
Pent round with perils, in the midſt you ſtand,
And call for aid in vain; the coachman ſwears,
And car-men drive, unmindful of thy prayers.
Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?
On ev'ry ſide the preſſing ſpokes are nigh.

So ſailors, while Carybdis' gulph they ſhun,
Amaz'd, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.

Of oyſters. Be ſure obſerve where brown Oſtrea ſtands,
Who boaſts her ſhelly ware from Wallfleet ſands;
There may'ſt thou paſs, with ſafe unmiry feet,
Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the ſtreet.
If where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows,
You chance to roam; where oyſter-tubs in rows
Are rang'd beſide the poſts; there ſtay thy haſte,
And with the ſav'ry fiſh indulge thy taſte:
The damſel's knife the gaping ſhell commands,
While the ſalt liquor ſtreams between her hands.

The man had ſure a palate cover'd o'er
With braſs or ſteel, that on the rocky ſhore
Firſt broke the oozy oyſter's pearly coat,
And riſqu'd the living morſel down his throat.
What will not lux'ry taſte? Earth, ſea, and air
Are daily ranſack'd for the bill of fare.
Blood ſtuff'd in ſkins is Britiſh chriſtian's food,
And France robs marſhes of the croaking brood;
Spungy morells in ſtrong ragouſts are found,
And in the ſoupe the ſlimy ſnail is drown'd.

When from high ſpouts the daſhing torrents fall, *Obſervations concerning keeping the wall.*
Ever be watchful to maintain the wall;
For ſhould'ſt thou quit thy ground, the ruſhing throng
Will with impetuous fury drive along;
All preſs to gain thoſe honours thou haſt loſt,
And rudely ſhove thee far without the poſt.
Then to retrieve the ſhed you ſtrive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and ſoak'd in floods of rain.
Yet rather bear the ſhow'r, and toils of mud,
Than in the doubtful quarrel riſque thy blood.
O think on OEdipus' deteſted ſtate,
And by his woes be warn'd to ſhun thy fate.

Where three roads join'd, he met his ſire unknown;
(Unhappy ſire, but more unhappy ſon!)
Each claim'd the way, their ſwords the ſtrife decide,
The hoary monarch fell, he groan'd and dy'd!
Hence ſprung the fatal plague that thin'd thy reign,
Thy curſed inceſt! and thy children ſlain!
Hence wert thou doom'd in endleſs night to ſtray
Through Theban ſtreets, and cheerleſs groap thy way.

Contem-

Of a funeral.

Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years;
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!
Whether ſome heir attends in ſable ſtate,
And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate;
Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
A croud of lovers follow to her tomb.
Why is the herſe with 'ſcutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of Oſtrich crown'd?
No: The dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only ſerves to prove the living vain.
How ſhort is life! how frail is human truſt!
Is all this pomp for laying duſt to duſt?

Of avoiding paint.

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted ſtall,
Bruſh not thy ſweeping skirt too near the wall;
Thy heedleſs ſleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
And ſpot indelible thy pocket ſoil.
Has not wiſe nature ſtrung the legs and feet
With firmeſt nerves, deſign'd to walk the ſtreet?
Has ſhe not given us hands, to grope aright,
Amidſt the frequent dangers of the night?
And think'ſt thou not the double noſtril meant,
To warn from oily woes by previous ſcent?

Who

Who can the various city frauds recite,
With all the petty rapines of the night?
Who now the Guinea-dropper's bait regards,
Trick'd by the ſharper's dice, or juggler's cards?
Why ſhou'd I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,
Where the ſham-quarrel interrupts the way?
Lives there in theſe our days ſo ſoft a clown,
Brav'd by the bully's oaths, or threat'ning frown?
I need not ſtrict enjoyn the pocket's care,
When from the crouded play thou lead'ſt the fair;
Who has not here, or watch, or ſnuff-box loſt,
Or handkerchiefs that India's ſhuttle boaſt?

Of various cheats formerly in practice.

O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
Of Drury's mazy courts, and dark abodes,
The harlot's guileful paths, who nightly ſtand,
Where Catherine-ſtreet deſcends into the Strand.
Say, vagrant Muſe, their wiles and ſubtil arts,
To lure the ſtranger's unſuſpecting hearts;
So ſhall our youth on healthful ſinews tread,
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

An admonition to virtue.

How to know a whore.

'Tis ſhe who nightly ſtrowls with ſaunt'ring pace,
No ſtubborn ſtays her yielding ſhape embrace;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new-ſcower'd manteau, and the ſlattern air;
High-draggled petticoats her travels ſhow,
And hollow cheeks with artful bluſhes glow;
With flatt'ring ſounds ſhe ſooths the cred'lous ear,
My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!
In riding-hood near tavern-door ſhe plies,
Or muffled pinners hide her livid eyes.
With empty bandbox ſhe delights to range,
And feigns a diſtant errand from the 'Change;
Nay, ſhe will oft' the Quaker's hood prophane,
And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane.
She darts from ſarſnet ambuſh wily leers,
Twitches thy ſleeve, or with familiar airs,
Her fan will pat thy cheek; theſe ſnares diſdain,
Nor gaze behind thee, when ſhe turns again.

A dreadful example.

I knew a yeoman, who for thirſt of gain,
To the great city drove from Devon's plain
His num'rous lowing herd; his herds he ſold,
And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold;

Drawn

Drawn by a fraudful nymph, he gaz'd, he ſigh'd;
Unmindful of his home, and diſtant bride,
She leads the willing victim to his doom,
Through winding alleys to her cobweb room.
Thence thro' the ſtreet he reels, from poſt to poſt,
Valiant with wine, nor knows his treaſure loſt.
The vagrant wretch th' aſſembled watchmen ſpies,
He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;
Deep in the Round-houſe pent, all night he ſnores,
And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

Ah hapleſs ſwain, unus'd to pains and ills!
Canſt thou forgo roaſt-beef for nauſeous pills?
How wilt thou lift to Heav'n thy eyes and hands,
When the long ſcroll the ſurgeon's fees demands!
Or elſe (ye Gods avert that worſt diſgrace)
Thy ruin'd noſe falls level with thy face,
Then ſhall thy wife thy loathſome kiſs diſdain,
And wholeſome neighbours from thy mug refrain.

Yet there are watchmen, who with friendly light, *Of watchmen.*
Will teach thy reeling ſteps to tread aright;
For ſixpence will ſupport thy helpleſs arm,
And home conduct thee, ſafe from nightly harm;

But if they ſhake their lanthorns, from afar,
To call their breth'ren to confed'rate war,
When rakes reſiſt their pow'r; if hapleſs you
Should chance to wander with the ſcow'ring crew;
Though fortune yield thee captive, ne'er deſpair,
But ſeek the conſtable's conſid'rate ear;
He will reverſe the watchman's harſh decree,
Mov'd by the Rhet'rick of a ſilver fee.
Thus would you gain ſome fav'rite courtier's word,
Fee not the petty clarks, but bribe my lord.

Of rakes. Now is the time that rakes their revells keep;
Kindlers of riot, enemies of ſleep.
His ſcatter'd pence the flying * Nicker flings,
And with the copper ſhow'r the caſement rings.
Who has not heard the Scowrer's midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?
I paſs their deſp'rate deeds, and miſchiefs done,
Where from Snow-hill black ſteepy torrents run;
How matrons, hoop'd within the hogſhead's womb

* *Gentlemen, who delighted to break windows with half-pence.*

Were tumbled furious thence, the rolling tomb
O'er the ſtones thunders, bounds from ſide to ſide.
So Regulus to ſave his country dy'd.

A neceſſary caution in a dark night.

Where a dim gleam the paly lanthorn throws
O'er the mid' pavement; heapy rubbiſh grows,
Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common-ſhores deſcend.
Oft' by the winds, extinct the ſignal lies,
Or ſmother'd in the glimmering ſocket dies,
E'er night has half roll'd round her ebon throne;
In the wide gulph the ſhatter'd coach o'erthrown,
Sinks with the ſnorting ſteeds; the reins are broke,
And from the cracking axle flies the ſpoke.
So when fam'd Eddyſtone's far-ſhooting ray,
That led the ſailor through the ſtormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlewind born,
Fleets bulg'd their ſides againſt the craggy land,
And pitchy ruines blacken'd all the ſtrand.

Who then through night would hire the harneſs'd ſteed,
And who would chooſe the rattling wheel for ſpeed?

A fire. But hark! diſtreſs with ſcreaming voice draws nigh'r,
And wakes the ſlumb'ring ſtreet with cries of fire.
At firſt a glowing red enwraps the skies,
And born by winds the ſcatt'ring ſparks ariſe;
From beam to beam, the fierce contagion ſpreads;
The ſpiry flames now lift aloft their heads,
Through the burſt ſaſh a blazing deluge pours,
And ſplitting tiles deſcend in rattling ſhow'rs.
Now with thick crouds th' enlighten'd pavement ſwarms,
The fire-man ſweats beneath his crooked arms,
A leathern caſque his vent'rous head defends,
Boldly he climbs where thickeſt ſmoak aſcends;
Mov'd by the mother's ſtreaming eyes and pray'rs,
The helpleſs infant through the flame he bears,
With no leſs virtue, than through hoſtile fire,
The Dardan hero bore his aged ſire.
See forceful engines ſpout their levell'd ſtreams,
To quench the blaze that runs along the beams;
The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,
And heaps on heaps the ſmoaky ruine falls.

Blown by ſtrong winds the fiery tempeſt roars,
Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;
The Heav'ns are all a-blaze, the face of night
Is cover'd with a ſanguine dreadful light;
'Twas ſuch a light involv'd thy tow'rs, O Rome,
The dire preſage of mighty Cæſar's doom,
When the ſun veil'd in ruſt his mourning head,
And frightful prodigies the skies o'erſpread.
Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye crouds, retire:
Behold! the ready match is tipt with fire,
The nitrous ſtore is laid, the ſmutty train
With running blaze awakes the barrell'd grain;
Flames ſudden wrap the walls; with ſullen ſound,
The ſhatter'd pile ſinks on the ſmoaky ground.
So when the years ſhall have revolv'd the date,
Th' inevitable hour of Naples' fate,
Her ſapp'd foundations ſhall with thunders ſhake,
And heave and toſs upon the ſulph'rous lake;
Earth's womb at once the fiery flood ſhall rend,
And in th' abyſs her plunging tow'rs deſcend.

Conſider, reader, what fatigues I've known,
The toils, the perils of the wintry town;

What riots ſeen, what buſtling crouds I bor'd,
How oft' I croſs'd where carts and coaches roar'd;
Yet ſhall I bleſs my labours, if mankind
Their future ſafety from my dangers find.
Thus the bold traveller, inur'd to toil,
Whoſe ſteps have printed Aſia's deſert ſoil,
The barb'rous Arabs haunt; or ſhiv'ring croſt
Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal froſt;
Whom providence in length of years, reſtores
To the wiſh'd harbour of his native ſhores;
Sets forth his journals to the publick view,
To caution, by his woes, the wandring crew.

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And now compleat my gen'rous labours lye,
Finiſh'd, and ripe for immortality.
Death ſhall entomb in duſt this mould'ring frame,
But never reach th' eternal part, my fame.
When W* and G*, mighty names are dead;
Or but at Chelſea under cuſtards read;
When criticks crazy bandboxes repair,
And Tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air;
High-rais'd on Fleet-ſtreet poſts, conſign'd to fame,
This work ſhall ſhine, and walkers bleſs my name.

FINIS.

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